STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE

By

SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD
AND
CHARLES B. GILBERT

A SECOND READER

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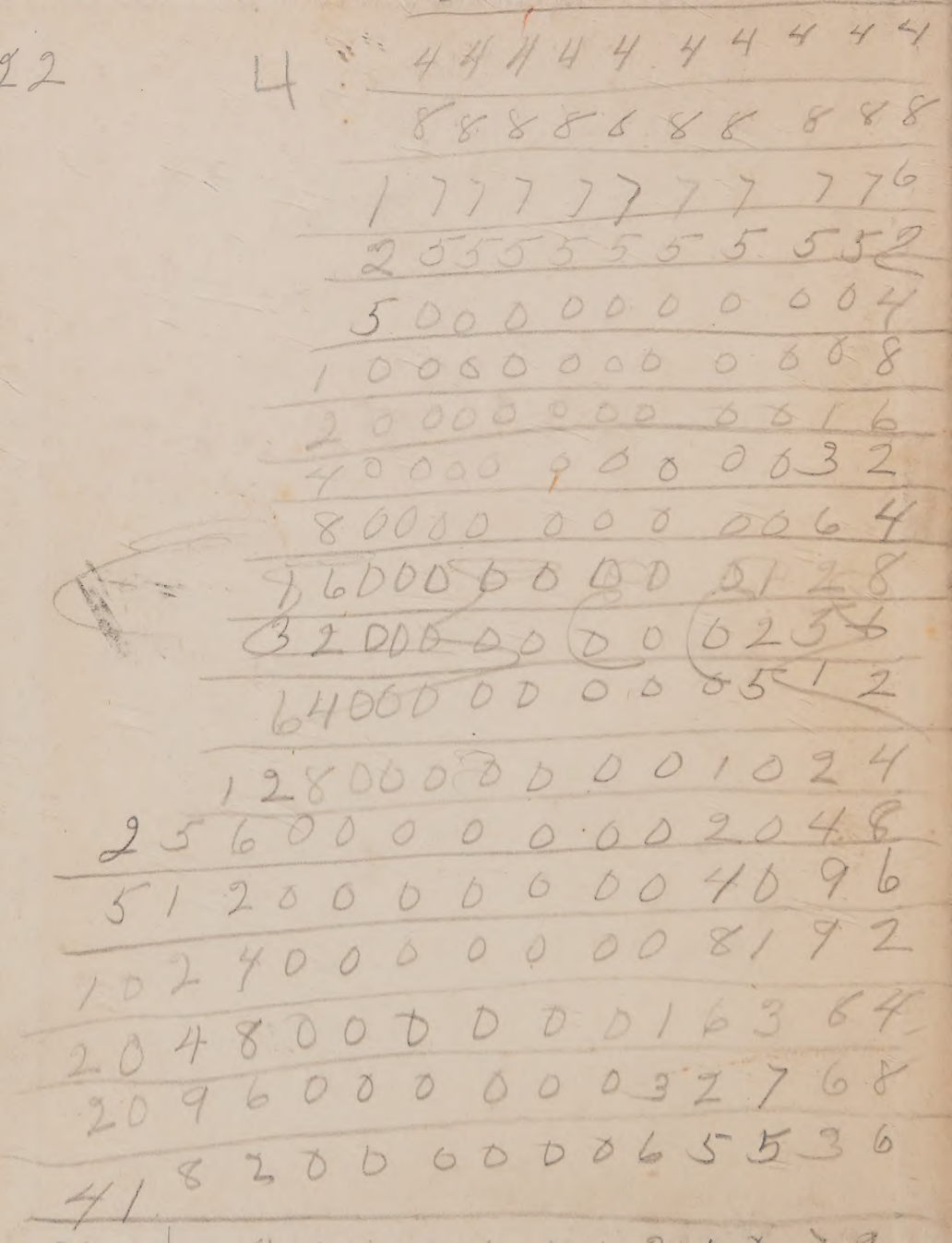

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THE EAGLE.

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BY

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A Second Reader.

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY.

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PREFACE.

THE lessons contained in this book are a product of experience in the schoolroom. They go forth in the hope of rendering some service to teachers and to children alike.

Throughout the work, the child's point of view has been kept in mind as well as the teacher's; and the aim has been to prepare, first of all, a book which children will like to read. Every lesson centers about something in which *children* are interested. All teachers know that the labor of teaching is lessened when the interest of the pupils is assured.

The name of the Series testifies to another aim of the book, — to lead to a love of literature. Many of the stories and poems herein contained will be found again and again by the children in the world's best books. A taste for good things, developed now, will lead the pupils to demand good things when free to choose.

The value of these lessons will be greatly enhanced if the teacher reads to the children, in connection with the lessons, such selections as are suggested by the text. Many of Longfellow's poems, for example, should be read, and some should be committed to memory, after the lesson on Longfellow.

It is hoped that many of the poems will be memorized as well as read by the children. Thus the words, as well as the *thought*, become their possession. Nearly every lesson suggests language lessons, which the skillful teacher will readily plan in connection with the reading. For example, a study of the turtle would naturally follow the lesson on "Jack and Joe."

The pictures, as well as the lessons, have been carefully prepared or selected with reference to accepted standards and to the children's tastes. They should be studied until some appreciation of their meaning is gained. Artists' names should become as familiar to the children as are the names of poets.

Many forms of study have been indicated. The word study should demand thought, and result in added power to do independent work. The language lessons, rhyming exercises, and questions will help to form the habit of study. Attention is called to the script lessons, which present beautiful forms, as well as beautiful thoughts, for copying. They thus possess a double advantage for seat work.

Many suggestions for teaching reading will be found in the pages of a "Manual for Teachers," issued by the publishers of these Readers.

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L. Knauss.

What Elsie found. Tell the story.

A SECOND READER

CHICKEN LITTLE.

Chicken Little was in a gentleman's garden, where she had no right to be, when a rose leaf fell on her tail. Away she ran in great fright until she met Hen Pen. "O Hen Pen!" she cried, "the sky is falling."

"How do you know that?" asked Hen Pen.

"Oh! I saw it with my eyes, and I heard it with my ears, and a part of it fell on my tail."

"Let us run," said Hen Pen.

So they ran to Duck Luck.

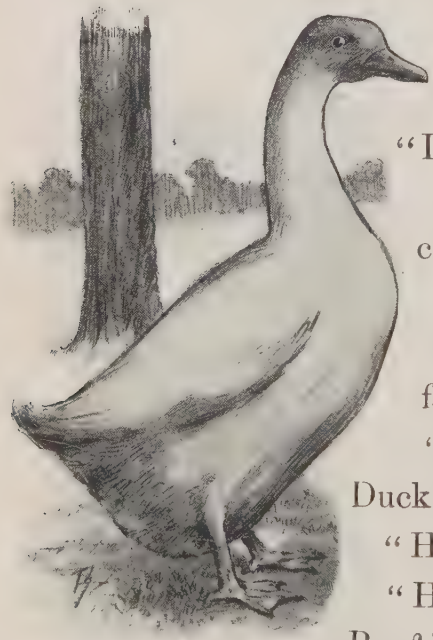
"O Duck Luck!" cried Hen Pen, "the sky is falling."

"Pray, how do you know that?" asked Duck Luck.

"Chicken Little told me."

"How do you know that, Chicken Little?"

"Oh!" answered Chicken Little, "I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a part of it fell on my tail."



"Let us run," said Duck Luck. So they ran until they came to Goose Loose.

"O Goose Loose!" cried Duck Luck, "the sky is falling."

"How do you know that, Duck Luck?"

"Hen Pen told me."

"How do you know that, Hen Pen?"

"Chicken Little told me."

"How do you know that, Chicken Little?"

"Oh! I saw it with my eyes, and I heard it with my ears, and a part of it fell on my tail."

"Let us run," said Goose Loose.

So they ran until they met Turkey Lurkey.

"O Turkey Lurkey!" cried Goose Loose, "the sky is falling."

"How do you know that, Goose Loose?"

"Duck Luck told me."

"How do you know that, Duck Luck?"

"Hen Pen told me."

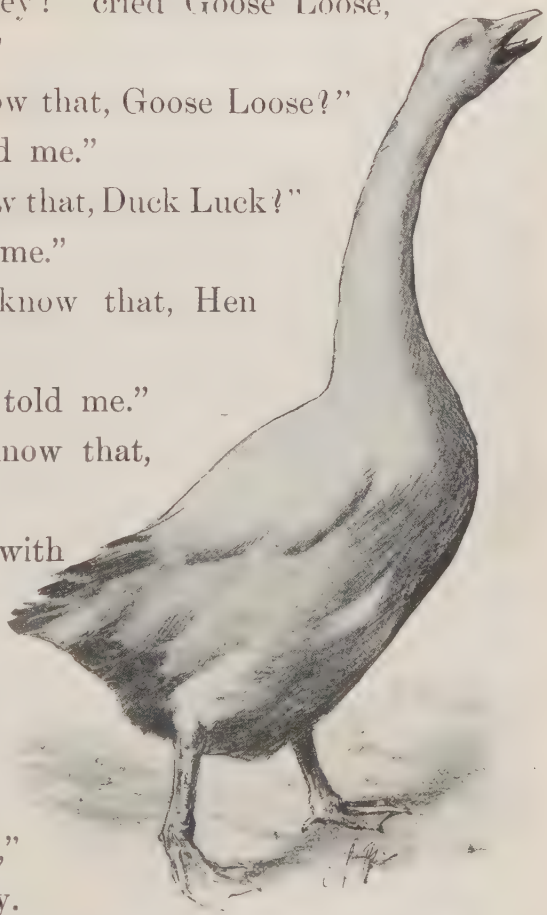
"How do you know that, Hen Pen?"

"Chicken Little told me."

"How do you know that, Chicken Little?"

"Oh! I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a part of it fell on my tail."

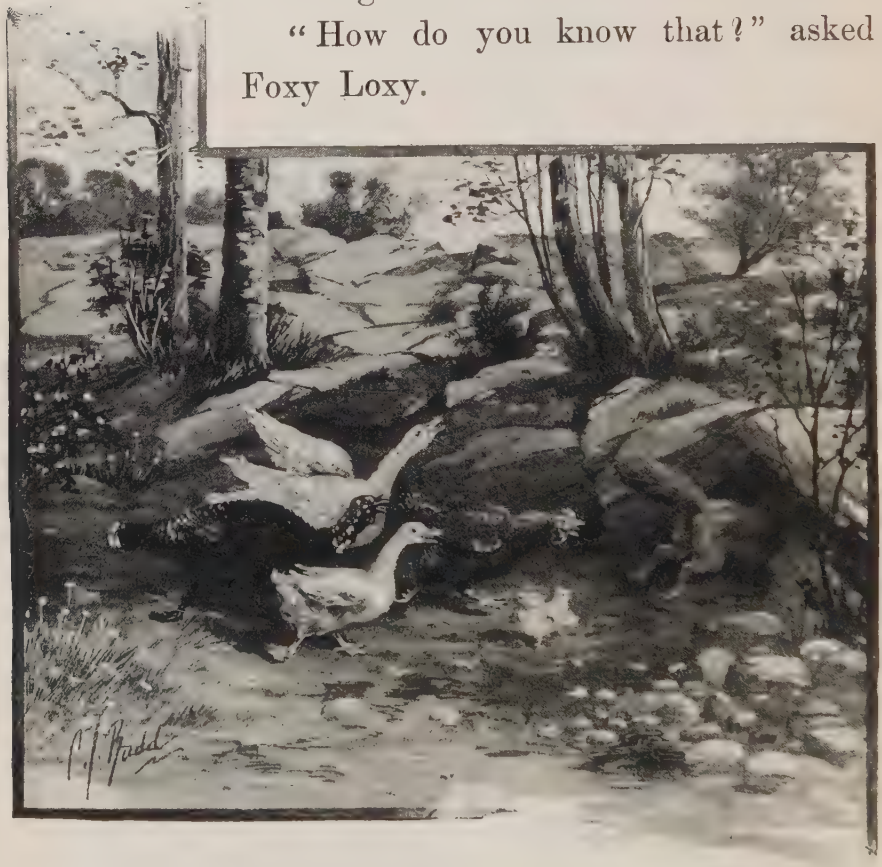
"Let us run to tell the Queen," said Turkey Lurkey.



So they ran with all their might, until they met Foxy Loxy.

"O Foxy Loxy!" cried Turkey Lurkey, "the sky is falling."

"How do you know that?" asked Foxy Loxy.



"Goose Loose told me."

"How do you know that, Goose Loose?"

"Duck Luck told me."

"How do you know that, Duck Luck?"

"Hen Pen told me."

"How do you know that, Hen Pen?"

"Chicken Little told me."

"How do you know that, Chicken Little?"

"Oh! I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and a part of it fell on my tail."

"Come with me," said Foxy Loxy. "I will lead you to the Queen."

So Chicken Little, Hen Pen, Duck Luck, Goose Loose, and Turkey Lurkey followed Foxy Loxy, as they had been told to do.

But he led them into his den, and they never came out again.

For Study.

Study the pictures in the story of Chicken Little.

What do they tell you?

What do you know about ducks? hens? geese? turkeys? foxes?

laughed	heard	gentleman's	asked
fright	cunning	answered	garden
followed	falling	chicken	turkey

KING MIDAS.

I will tell you about Midas.

He was a king who loved gold better than anything else.

One day a fairy said to Midas, "You may wish for something, and you shall have your wish."

"Hurrah!" cried Midas. "I wish that everything I touch may turn into gold. How happy I shall be!"

Poor Midas! He wanted to be rich.

He touched a flower; it changed to solid gold. He touched an apple; it changed to gold.

He tried to drink some water; it changed to gold.

He wished to eat some meat. At his touch, it changed to gold.

At last, the saddest change came. He laid his hand on his little girl's head. She changed to gold.

Poor King Midas! No flowers, no food, no little girl! Nothing but gold! He sat down and wept. He hated gold. He cared only to have his dear little girl again.

Now came the fairy. "Well, Midas, have you gold enough?" she asked.

The poor king begged her to take away the power of gold-making, and to give his child to him again.

His tears fell like rain. They fell on the golden head of his darling child, and she became his own happy little girl once more.

Do you suppose he could ever again care so much for riches?

THE LARK'S NEST.

The lark once built her nest in a meadow, where it was soon hidden by the waving grain.

Here she laid her tiny eggs, and kept them warm beneath her soft breast.

Soon four little larks peeped from under her wings, crying to be fed.

Now she must search far and near for food for these four hungry mouths.

How busily the little mother flew back and forth, finding food for her little ones!

They grew stronger and larger every day. Whenever they saw her, they lifted their heads and called lustily.

One day they chattered in great fear, "O mother! mother! Farmer Brown says he is going to get some one to cut his grain."

"Never fear, my children; we are safely hidden away," answered the mother, cheerfully, as she flew off for another mouthful.

The next day the baby birds had the same story to tell.

"O mother! mother! Farmer Brown says he is going to get some one to cut his grain, it is so tall."

"Never fear, my children; we are safely hidden away," said the mother, cheerfully, and she flew away again.

The next night the little larks all chirped together, "O mother! mother! Farmer Brown says he must cut the grain himself to-morrow."

"Ah!" said the mother, "now we must be off, for the grain will be cut to-morrow."

And so it happened. The next morning,

early, Farmer Brown came with his sleeves rolled up and his scythe on his shoulder, to cut the grain. The little larks tried their young wings, and flew away.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME MAN.

A blind man and a lame man sat under a tree.

"Where are you going?" said the blind man to the lame man.

"I would like to go to town," replied the lame man, "but I cannot walk."

"I would like to go to town," said the blind man, "but I cannot see."

"Well," the lame man said, "if you will be feet for me, I will be eyes for you."

"Agreed," answered the blind man.

So the blind man lifted the lame man upon his back, and started merrily for the town.

"Look up, and not down;
Look forward, and not backward:
Look out, and not in;
And lend a hand."

WORD STUDY.

Think of words to rhyme with: —

lark	brown	flew	find
grain	tell	saw	food
lame	wing	night	away
day	cry	must	grew

Use these words in sentences: —

once	safely	search	himself
was	cheerfully	waving	lark
eggs	mouthful	grain	farmer
young	lustily	mother	happened
chattered	hungry	to-morrow	hidden

talk

talking

feed

feeding

grow

growing

fall

falling

buy

buying

A MAID WITH HER BASKET OF EGGS.

A maid with a basket of eggs. Hear her talking to herself.

"I have fifteen eggs in my basket. I will take them straight to my good white hen. She will sit upon them days and days, and keep them warm.

"Then the fifteen little chickens will peck open the shells. I can see them now. Pretty little things; some black, some yellow, some white!

"I can hear them call 'Peep, peep!' They will soon scratch for themselves. I will feed them well, and they will grow into strong, fat hens.

"Then I will take them to market to sell. How much shall I get? Ah! I shall be quite rich. I can buy a fine hat and a dress.

"My friends will not know me."

She tosses her head in pride, forgetting the eggs. The basket falls to the ground; the eggs are broken.

She counted her chickens before they were hatched!

Never count your chickens before they are hatched.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

G. Igler.

THE DOLL'S BATH.

Tell the story which the picture tells you.

THE OLD LOVE.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair so prettily curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the fields one day,
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the fields one day.
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away;
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled.
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

HERO.

Hero is our dog, the best dog in the world we think.

Here is a picture of him.

See how large he is!

What a fine head he has!

His name was Jack when he was a little fellow. Uncle Jack gave him to us when he went away.

"Here, children!" he said, "here is a playfellow for you. I must go away to sea. I cannot play with you nor take care of you again for a long time.

"But this fellow, this Jack, will take my place. He will play all the time, if you like. And he will help to take care of you, too."

So he did. When we were out at play, Jack was with us. If we went to the woods for flowers, Jack went too.

If we were sent to get the milk, Jack ran along. If we went to school, Jack went too, and lay down by the door until recess.

Everybody liked Jack, but Jack liked us best of all.

If any boy wanted to tease Jack, he played that he meant to hurt us.

Then Jack would stay close beside us, and growl at him until he became afraid and stopped his fun.

"Good Jack! good old fellow!" we would say, patting him upon the head. "We are safe when you are with us."

But I must tell you how we came to call him Hero.

Baby May was playing in the yard. We were taking care of her, Helen and I. After a while we began to play tag.

Of course May could not run fast, but she tried to play, because she liked to do what we did.

She toddled after us, but we ran so fast that we were out of her sight before we knew it.

We did not know what happened until afterwards.

Baby toddled out into the road, and tried to follow us. She did not see the runaway horses that came rushing down the road toward her.

She only saw Helen and me running away from her.

On ran the horses! They were our own, and father was holding the reins; but the horses were mad with fear, and he could not guide them.

Father saw Baby in the road. He shouted to her to run, but she only looked up, and stood still with fright in the middle of the road.

The tramping feet were close upon our baby, but help was nearer yet.

Jack had heard the shout, he had seen little May, and he sprang to save her.

With one bound he reached the middle of the road. He seized the baby's dress with his teeth, and dragged her out of the horses' path.

The wheels touched her dress as they passed.

The horses ran to the barn and stopped. Father sprang to the ground and ran back to find Baby.

She was safe and sound, but crying with fear.

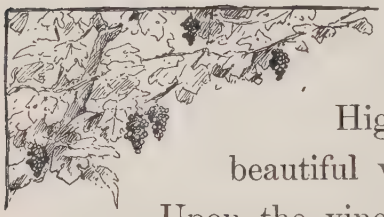
Brave old Jack stood beside her, licking her hand, and trying to say, "Don't be afraid; don't cry, I am here."

You can see now why we changed Jack's name. Uncle Jack said we ought to call him Hero, because he saved Baby May's life.

Nobody ever said anything to us about running away and leaving Baby; but how Helen and I wished that we had been as faithful as Hero!

runaway	dragged	faithful
tramping	changed	because
toddled	wished	afraid

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.



By the side of the road is a beautiful tree.

High up on the tree grows a beautiful vine.

Upon the vine hang beautiful grapes.

Mr. Fox comes along, smells the sweet grapes, and thinks to himself, "I must have them."

So he jumps and jumps and jumps; but he cannot reach the grapes, for they hang very high.

At last he becomes tired and walks off, saying to himself, "I do not care; I know they are sour grapes."

STUDY.

Grapes grow upon a vine.
Apples grow upon a tree.
Blueberries grow upon a bush.
Grapes, apples, and berries are fruit.
What fruits do you know?
Write the names of all you have seen.

Sir Edwin Landseer.

SAVED.

Tell the story which this picture tells you.

STUDY. *Answer the questions.*

You have read the story of the good dog Hero. This fine picture has told you another story. Can you not tell or write the story of some dog that you know?

What kind of dog is he? Where does he live?

What is his name? What can he do?

THE THREE BUGS.

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly room for two;
And one was yellow, and one was black,
And one like me or you;
The space was small, no doubt, for all,
So what should the three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
The same as I or you.
So the strong one said, "We will eat the bread,
And that 's what we will do!"

Three little bugs in a basket,
And the beds but two could hold;
And so they fell to quarreling —
The white, the black, and the gold —
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
And one was out in the cold.

He that was left in the basket
Without a crumb to chew,
Or a shred to wrap himself withal,
When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of
the bugs,
And so the quarrel grew.

So there was war in the basket;
Ah! pity 't is, 't is true!
But he that was frozen and starved, at last
A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both the bugs,
And killed and ate them, too!

Now when bugs live in a basket,
Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree —
The black, the white, and the gold —
And share what comes of beds and crumbs,
And leave no bug in the cold.

ALICE CARY.

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Use these words in sentences.

1	2	3
Midas	sweet	grow
gold	rich	love
fairy	sad	drink
flower	little	change
apple	golden	wept
water	blind	walk
horses	lame	see
hero	selfish	said

Find these words in "The Three Bugs." Use them in sentences

4	5	6
basket	hardly	hold
space	yellow	gold
crumbs	no doubt	cold
hearts	quarreling	chew
bread	shred	blew
strength	across	grew
weakness	frozen	two
quarrel	starved	do
agree	pulled	't is true
selfish	share	drew

Study without help.

THE KID AND THE WOLF.

A little kid stood on the roof of a house.

As he looked down, he saw a wolf passing by.

"Oho!" he cried, "who cares for the wolf?"

The wolf smiled as he said, "It is the roof that makes you so brave, my fine fellow. If you were in the field, how you would run!"

HELP IN STUDY.

pass	o-ho	smile
passing	oho	smiled
fell	piece	gave
fellows	field	brave

How did the roof make the little kid brave?

Why is a kid afraid of a wolf?

THE FROG WHO TRIED TO BE AS BIG AS AN OX.

Once upon a time a little frog, on his way from school, saw a great creature drawing a load of hay.

He had never seen an ox before; so he ran to tell his mother.

"O mother!" he cried, "I have seen a wonderful creature. It was as large, as large"— But he did not know how to tell.

"As large as I am?" said the mother.

"Oh, much larger!" answered the frog.

"As large as this?" asked the mother, and she began to puff herself up.

"Oh, much larger!" replied the little frog.

"As large, then, as this?" said the mother, and puffed herself till she burst.

It is indeed hard for a frog to become as big as an ox.

mother	wonder	drawing
other	wonderful	puffing

THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER.

One pleasant day in summer an ant was hard at work getting food, which she laid away for winter.

The grasshopper flew down beside her, and laughed to see her at her toil.

"I would not work like that," he said. "Why do you not have some fun, as I do?"

"And what is your fun?" asked the ant.

"Oh, I dance!" replied the grasshopper.

When winter came, the ant had her cellar full of food.

The poor, shivering grasshopper had nothing to eat; so he came to the ant for help.

"I danced the summer away, and now I have nothing to eat," he said. "If I had worked like you, I need not have been hungry."

BABY ROBINS IN THEIR NEST.

BIRD THOUGHTS.

I lived first in a little house,
And lived there very well;
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest,
To see what I could find,
I said, "The world is made of leaves,—
I have been very blind."

At length, I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown up labors,
I don't know how the world is made,
And neither do my neighbors.

PLAYING STORE.

One day in May, when Mark had planned to go fishing, it began to rain.

How it rained! Not patter, patter, patter; but pour, pour, pour.

Mark stood at the window, with his nose flattened against the pane. "Oh, dear!" he sighed, "Oh, dear!" But the wind blew so hard that nobody heard.

"Oh, dear!" he began again. And then — how can I tell it?—a tear as big as a raindrop rolled down the window pane!

You may be sure Grandma saw that. Grandma always seemed to know when anything went wrong with Mark.

"Why! why! why!" said Grandma, looking over her spectacles. "Rain outside and rain inside. What shall we do?"

Mark turned away from the window, and brushed away a tear.

"There's no fun anywhere," he said, trying not to cry. "Saturday, and a pouring rain! What can I do?"

"Read your new book," said Grandma.

"I've read it."

"Read it again."

"I have."

"Spin your top."

"I've lost my string."

"Well, then," said Grandma, "this is just the time for you to play with me. You can keep a store, and I will buy from you."

Mark liked to play with Grandma. He forgot the rain, and ran to find something with which to build his store.

He placed chairs in a row for a counter. Upon the chairs he piled boxes, books, dishes, papers, — anything he could find.

Then he put a pencil over his ear, took a little book in his hand, climbed upon his chair horse, and was off to take orders.

"Whoa!" he cried, as he drove up to Grandma's door in Playtown.

He threw the reins over the horse's back, knocked at the door, and stepped in when Grandma called, "Come!"

"Good morning, Mr. Jones!" said Grandma.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith! Can I do anything for you to-day?"

"Yes, indeed. I want a great many things. Have you any sugar?"

"Yes, I have very good sugar."

"Then you may bring me five yards of sugar," said Grandma.

Mark almost smiled, but he was too polite to laugh.

"Excuse me," he said; "we do not sell sugar by the yard."

"Dear me!" said Grandma. "How do you sell sugar?"

"By the pound."

"To be sure! Please bring me ten pounds of sugar and two pounds of vinegar."

"Oh! excuse me," said Mark; "we do not sell vinegar by the pound."

"Dear me!" said Grandma, gravely. "How do you sell it?"

"By the quart or gallon."

"To be sure!" said Grandma. "Please bring me two quarts of vinegar and two quarts of eggs."

Mark found it very hard to keep from laughing now. "We sell eggs by the dozen, Madam."

"To be sure! Then please bring me a dozen eggs and a dozen peanuts."

Now Mark laughed. "O Grandma!" he said, "we sell peanuts by the pint!"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Grandma, knitting very fast, and looking over her glasses. "How much I have to learn! Please bring me a pint of peanuts and a pint of blue ribbon."

Then Mark laughed till he cried.

Perhaps you can tell why.

With that the sun came out.

"Oh! now you can run out to play," said Grandma.

"It's fun to play with you, Grandma. May I deliver your goods the next time it rains?" asked Mark.

"With all my heart," said Grandma. "I think it is fun to play with you. What should I do when it rained if you were not here to make a good time for me?

"Your smile is better than sunshine for Grandma."

"Then look for it next time it rains, Grandma," said Mark.

THE BOY AND THE RIVER.

A boy was sent to market with butter and cheese to sell.

On his way he came to a river, which ran happily over the stones, singing in the sunshine.

"What shall I do?" thought the boy. "This is a very wide stream. I will wait until it has run past."

So he laid himself down on the bank. Hour after hour he waited. At last night came on.

Then he began to be afraid, and ran home to his mother.

"How is this, my son?" asked the good old

mother. "Here are the butter and cheese you took to market. Why are they not sold?"

"Why, mother," said the boy, "I came to a river, which has been running all day. I waited for it to run past; but when I left, it was still going."

"And so it will run, my boy," said the mother, "long after you and I are forgotten."

SILENT STUDY.

A brook is a stream. A river is a stream.
Where do streams begin? Where do they go?
What work do they do?
Have you ever seen a brook?
Where was it? What grew beside it? What grew in it?
What happens to a stone which you throw into the brook?
What happens to a leaf which you throw into the brook?
What work do rivers do? What rivers have you seen?

SARAH'S PENNY.

Sarah was a little girl, not quite four years old.

One day a lady came to visit Sarah's mother.

When she went away she said to Sarah, "You are a very good little girl, my dear. Would you like this penny to keep?"

Sarah held out her little hand, and the lady gave her a copper penny, almost as large as a silver dollar.

Sarah smiled, and said, "Thank you," so sweetly that the lady again said, "You are a good little girl."

How Sarah liked that penny! She took it out of her pocket a hundred times a day, looked at it, and put it back again.

She hid it under her pillow at night, and looked for it as soon as she woke in the morning.

One day Sarah was playing in the yard with Nellie White. They were making mud pies.

"I like to make mud pies," said Nellie; "but I do wish they were good to eat. I wish they were candy. I wish I had some candy this minute."

"I have n't any candy," said Sarah, "but I will buy some for you. I have a big penny in my pocket."

"Then let us go and spend it," said Nellie. Away they went without another word. They did not think to ask their mothers nor to wash their hands, which were soiled with making mud pies.

Soon they came to the candy store. A kind old lady kept the store in a little front room in her house.

Nellie and Sarah walked into the little front room.

"We came for some candy," said the children.

"What kind of candy do you want?" asked the kind old lady.

Nellie and Sarah stood before the glass case, and pointed to the candy with their brown fingers.

"I would like some of that, and some of that, and some of that," said Nellie, pointing to the candy she liked best. "And I choose this, and this," said Sarah.

The candy was piled up on the glass for the children. They stretched out their little hands to take it.

"Oh, no!" said the lady. "You have not paid me yet! Candy costs money."

"Oh, I forgot!" said Sarah. She put her hand into her pocket, took out her precious penny, and laid it on the candy case.

"Dear me! dear me!" said the candy seller. "That is n't a good cent. That is an English penny. Little English girls buy candy with pennies like that; but no one uses that money here."

Poor children! they looked at the heap of candy, and then at the useless penny.

Sarah began to cry. She thought she had done something wrong.

"Dear me! dear me!" said the kind old lady. "Do n't cry over a penny; that is a fine penny to keep, and here is some candy to eat. You shall each have a bag full."

So she gave them some candy in a paper bag. Sarah dried her tears, and took back her precious penny.

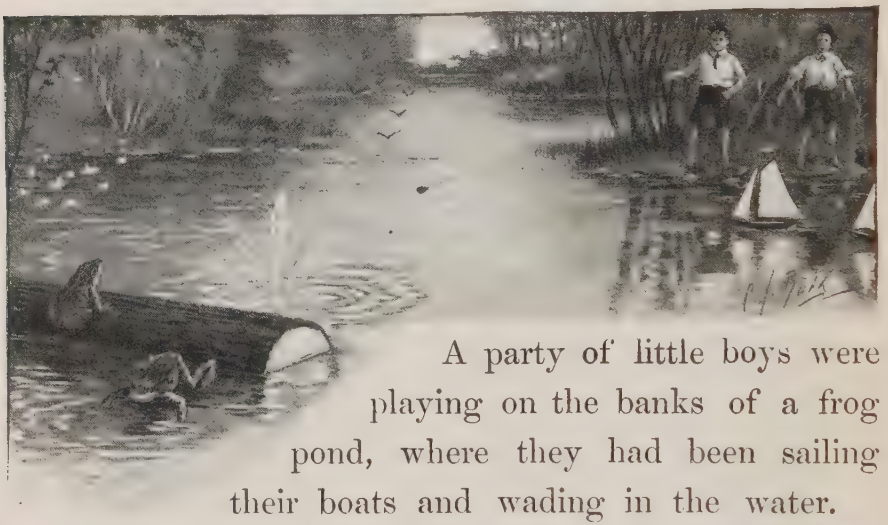
The children went home with happy faces, to tell their mothers the story of the penny and the kind old lady.

Mrs. H. P. Allingham.

THE LITTLE CUSTOMERS.

These are two little English girls. Tell the story.

THE BOYS AND THE FROGS.



A party of little boys were playing on the banks of a frog pond, where they had been sailing their boats and wading in the water.

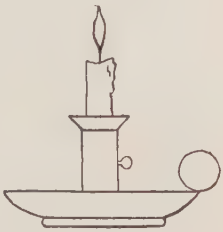
One boy saw a frog sitting upon a log near the edge of the water. Before he thought, he threw a stone to see if he could hit it.

Of course the other boys wanted to try, too; and soon the stones flew thick and fast into the water.

"Pray, stop!" cried the frogs, which were trying to hide themselves under the bank. "You forget that what is fun for you is death to us."

What is fun for you is death to us.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.



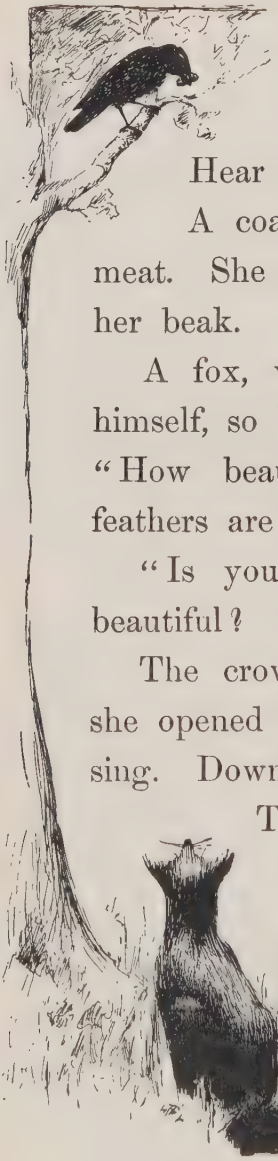
God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A tiny flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

M. Bentham-Edwards.



THE FOX AND THE CROW.

Hear the story of the fox and the crow.

A coal-black crow once stole a piece of meat. She flew to a tree and held the meat in her beak.

A fox, who saw her, wanted the meat for himself, so he looked up into the tree and said, "How beautiful you are, my friend! Your feathers are fairer than the dove's.

"Is your voice as sweet as your form is beautiful? If so, you must be the queen of birds."

The crow was so happy in his praise that she opened her mouth to show how she could sing. Down fell the piece of meat.

The fox seized upon it and ran away

tree	beautiful
sweet	fairer
queen	feathers
friend	seized
praise	piece

Work for Study Hours.

1. Copy twenty words of one syllable.
2. Copy ten words of two syllables.
3. Find ten words which begin with *m*.
4. Write five words which rhyme with *jump*.
5. Make rhymes for *fly*, *go*, *run*, *make*, *tree*, *hen*, *man*.
6. Make all the words you can, using the letters in *wonderfully*.
7. Draw a picture of something you would like to eat.
8. Draw a picture of something in the room.
9. Copy the story of "The Kid and the Wolf," page 35.
10. Copy words which begin with *sh*.
11. Draw a design for a cover for your book.
12. Draw pictures of the things you would like for Christmas presents.
13. Write the names of all the animals you know.
14. Copy and learn these lines: —

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February alone,
Which hath but twenty-eight, in fine,
Till leap year gives it twenty-nine.

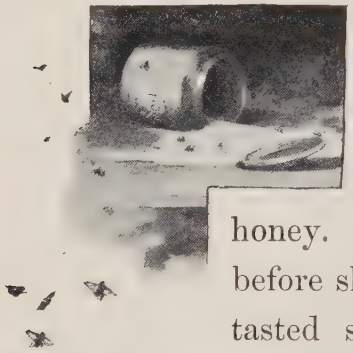
A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

I think that flowers can see,—don't you?
And the soft white clouds, I am sure, are playing;
The wind can talk to the grasses, too,
For I've listened and watched, and I'm sure they do;
I almost can tell what they're saying.

And when I sit in the fields, and see
The long grass wave, when the breezes blow it,
I'm just as glad as a girl can be;
And the daisies are glad, too, it seems to me,
And nod their heads to show it.

SELECTED.

THE DAISY FIELD.



FOOLISH FLIES.

When the cook went into the pantry, she upset a pot of honey. The flies hurried to taste it before she had time to clear it away. It tasted so good that they came closer; but the sticky honey held their feet, and they could not get away.

They beat their tiny wings, but soon they, too, were held fast by the honey.

"What foolish children we are!" they cried. "We die to pay for a taste of honey."

The flies did not count the cost of the honey.

Count the cost.

We pay for all we get.

The flies paid for the honey with their lives.

GOLDEN EGGS.

Once upon a time there lived a woman who owned a hen.

This was a wonderful hen, indeed, for every day it laid a golden egg.

The woman could hardly wait for the new day to come, she wanted the gold so badly.

At last she said to herself, "I will kill my hen and get the gold all at once."

But when she had killed her hen, she found her like all other hens.

In her haste to become rich, she had become poor.

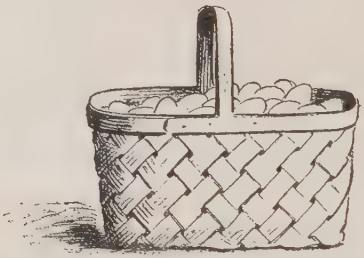
I am sure she wished she had not been so greedy.

gold	wonder	hard	want	kill
golden	wonderful	hardly	wanted	killed

her	wish	greed	own	haste
herself	wished	greedy	owned	hasten

STUDY.

Shut your book, and tell the story about the Golden Eggs.



(*Draw.*)

(*Draw.*)

(*Draw.*)

(*Draw.*)

(*Draw.*)

THE DOG AND HIS IMAGE.

Once upon a time, a dog found a large piece of meat.

"Ah," he said to himself, "that is fine! I will take it home and eat it by myself."

So he ran off with it in his mouth.

As he crossed the bridge over the brook, he looked down into the water and saw his image.

He thought it was another dog with another piece of meat; so he jumped into the water to get it.

He dropped what he already had, and found too late that there was nothing to gain. He was punished for being so greedy.

These words are in the story of Jack and Joe. Find them in the story. Copy them. See if you know them all.

JACK AND JOE.

Wunsch.

MISCHIEF BREWING.

twin brothers
large city
green grass
played marbles
around the square
apple blossoms
fresh air
beautiful
happened
country

very glad
built a dam
sailed boats
new mown hay
pastures
berries
beans and peas
lettuce
round and rosy

JACK AND JOE.

Jack and Joe were twin brothers, aged six. They lived in a large city.

There was no green grass near their house. Not a green tree grew near their home.

They played marbles on the brick sidewalk, and ran races around the square.

They had never seen a cow, nor a sheep, nor a robin.

When spring came they never knew about the violets and apple blossoms. If you had told them about playing in the brook, they would have said, "What is a brook?"

Jack and Joe had pale faces and thin cheeks. The fresh air and sunshine did not always find their way into the street where the boys lived.

One June day a beautiful thing happened to Jack and Joe. A lady came to their mother, and said,—

"Mrs. Brown, will you let your boys go out into the country with me, to stay a month? I will take good care of them."

The mother said, "Yes." She was very glad to have her boys see the country, where she lived when she was a little girl.

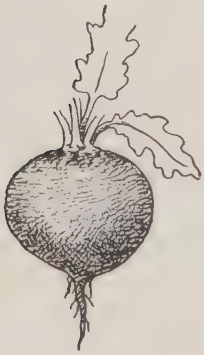
So the boys went with the kind lady to her country home. I wish you had been there to see their good times!

(*Draw.*)

They built a dam in the brook, and sailed their little boats there. They fished in the pond, and tried to learn to swim.

(*Draw.*)

They went into the hayfield, and watched the men who mowed the tall grass. Jack and Joe helped to rake the new-mown hay, and at night they rode home on the top of a load of hay.



(*Draw.*)

They went into the pastures to pick berries. They drove the cows to the pasture in the morning, and went for them at night.

(*Draw.*)

What fun it was to follow them through the

country roads, — Old Brindle, and Brown Bess, and Betty Whiteface!

Then what good times there were in the garden, where the corn grew with the beans and peas and radishes and lettuce!

Jack and Joe could not tell the lettuce from corn at first, but they learned very fast.

"When I am a man," Jack said, "I shall live on a farm."

When the boys went home, their cheeks were round and rosy. Can you tell why?

How happy the mother was!

How happy the boys were!

But I think the kind lady was the happiest of all!

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

happy	berries	beans	pasture
happiest	radishes	lettuce	country

THE WILD BIRD'S SONG.

I ride amid the green tree tops high
When the earth is parched and the brooklets are dry—
I sing, I sing, in my covert cool,
And lave my breast in the calm, shady pool.

I sing, I sing of my Maker's love
Till the wanderer stops near my sheltered grove;
He hears the song in the quiet air,
And, hearkening, he smiles, and forgets all his care.

At night to my sheltering pine I fly,
And sleep till the day dawn gilds the sky;
Then loud I sing from a swelling breast,
In praise of the God who protects my nest.

SELECTED.

THE PLAYHOUSE.

Kitty Jones and Mabel Miller have a playhouse under the old oak tree. I wish you could see it! They made it themselves.

They found some stones in the old stone wall. "They are just large enough," the children said, "to build our house."

So they laid them on the ground. They marked out a parlor, a bedroom, and a kitchen. The kitchen had a closet with shelves.

The acorn cups which the little girls found under the tree made beautiful cups for their closet shelves.

Mabel brought some pieces of broken dishes, and stood them in a row on the shelves.

The closet itself is made of shingles; its walls are of brick.

If you look in the closet, you will find something else, — the loaves of bread, and cakes, and pies which the girls have made. They are mud pies, of course;

but that is the best kind of pie for this kind of playhouse.

They have leaves for plates. Some of their dishes hold water, which they get at the brook.

The bedroom has a bed in the corner. It is made of hay, which Mabel found in the barn. The hay is fresh and sweet, and makes a soft, clean bed.

Kitty has covered the hay with a shawl, so that it will look more like a bed.

She thinks she will have to lie down and rest soon, she has become so very tired in her house-building.

The house has no roof except the branches of the tree overhead. It is very pleasant to live in when the sun shines.

When it rains, the children have to run home and wait for pleasant days before they play "house" again.

Their mammas wait for their coming, and are glad to know they are such busy workers.

The fresh air and happy work are making them grow very fast. Children grow like weeds in the sunshine.

THE BOY AND THE NUTS.

Once upon a time, a boy saw a pitcher of nuts standing upon a table. "What fine nuts!" he cried. "I must have some."

So he thrust his hand into the pitcher; but when he tried to draw out his fist, filled with nuts, the small neck of the pitcher held it fast.

He began to cry. "What is the matter?" asked his father.

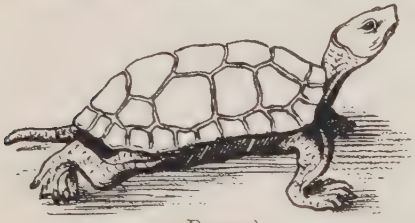
"I cannot get my hand out of the pitcher," the boy replied.

"Why not?" asked the father.

Can you tell why?

THE TURTLE.

When Jack and Joe were in the country, they found a turtle down in the meadow by a brook.



(*Draw.*)

They did not know what it was.

"It cannot be a fish," said Jack, "but it was swimming in the water."

"It cannot be a fish," said Joe, "for I saw it walking on the ground."

"Its shell is like a tent," said Jack. "See, it draws in its head when you touch it."

"See its scaly skin," cried Joe, "and its toes, and its funny tail!"

"Let's take it home," Jack shouted. "We can keep it, and see what it does."

"What will you give it to eat?" asked Joe.

"Bread and butter," replied Jack.

"That isn't what it eats here, I know," said Joe.

"What does it eat, then?" asked Jack.

That was too much. Joe could not answer that question.

They picked up the turtle, and carried it home.

"We can find out about it, if we watch," said Jack.

Did you ever watch a turtle? If you have, you will know what Jack and Joe learned. If you have not, it will be of no use for me to tell you.

Suppose you keep your eyes open, and see what they will do for you. Perhaps you can find a turtle, too.

STUDY.

Fill the blanks, and answer the questions.

Jack and Joe were — — ———.
They found a turtle in — ———.
It ——— in the water.
It ——— on the ground.
Its shell was like — ———.
Its skin was ———.
Where do turtles live?
What can they do?
Why do they need a hard shell?

THE TORTOISE AND THE EAGLE.

A lazy tortoise lay in the sun, and complained because her lot was hard.

"See those birds," she said, "that fly so lightly through the air. I wish I, too, had wings!"

An eagle flying near heard her complain.

"What will you give me," he asked, "if I will take you up in the sky?"

"More than tongue can tell," replied the tortoise.

"Say we try," said the eagle.

"With all my heart!" answered the tortoise.

So the eagle seized the heavy creature in his talons, and flew up into the clouds. But alas! the poor tortoise slipped from his grasp,

and fell to the ground, breaking her beautiful shell into many pieces.

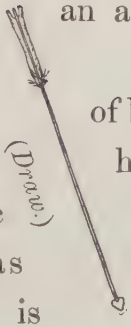
"Ah, fool that I was!" cried the dying tortoise. "I was made to creep upon the earth, and not to fly in the air. I have my wish at the cost of my life."

seized	talons	tongue	dying
creature	tortoise	slipped	beautiful
complained	pieces	breaking	lightly

THE WOUNDED EAGLE.

(*Draw.*)

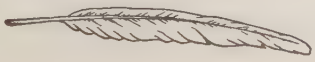
An eagle flying through the air was wounded by an arrow from the bow of a hunter.



(*Draw.*)

The king of birds fell to the ground, for the arrow had entered his heart. As the eagle looked at the arrow, he saw that its shaft was tipped with his own feathers.

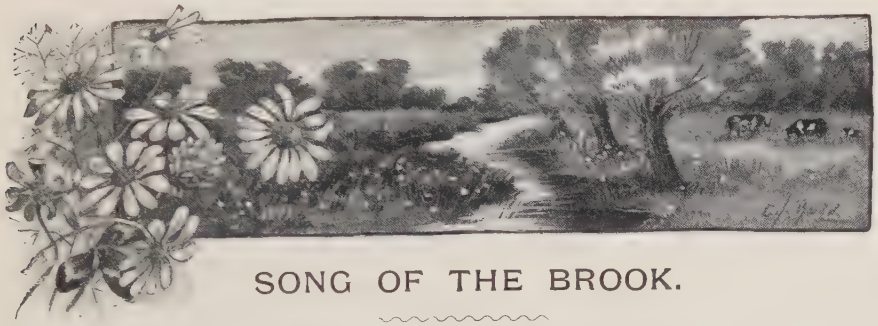
"How hard is my fate!" he moaned. "I helped to wing the arrow which kills me."



Meyer von Bremen.

THE FIRST BIRTHDAY.

Tell the story that the picture tells you.



SONG OF THE BROOK.

What was the song of the little brook,
As under the willows his way he took?
Wouldn't you like to know?
Let me play awhile as I will;
By and by I must turn the mill,
As farther down I go.
Daisies hanging over my side,—
Beautiful daisies, starry-eyed,—
Kiss me, for I must go.
But think of me as I turn the wheel,
Grinding the corn into yellow meal
And drifts of golden snow.

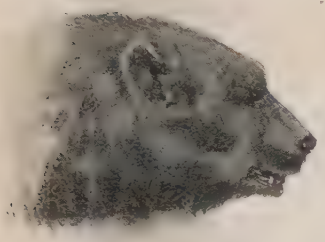
SELECTED.

THE THREE BEARS.

THE THREE BEARS.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Golden Locks.

Her eyes were blue as the sky, her cheeks were like the rose, and her hair was like spun gold.



One day little Golden Locks ran into the woods to pick some flowers.

She had not gone very far when she came to a path. She went on and on in the path until she came to a little house in the woods.

It was the nicest little house in the world, with flowers growing about it, and with an open door that seemed to say, "Come in."

Now I must tell you what Golden Locks did not know, — that this was the home of three bears.

One was a Tiny Little Bear; one was a MIDDLE SIZED BEAR; and one was a GREAT HUGE BEAR.

It happened that the bears had gone out for a walk. When Golden Locks peeped in at the door she saw no one.

So she walked into the little parlor and sat down in the GREAT HUGE BEAR'S chair, but it was so hard that she could not stay in it.

Then she sat down in the MIDDLE SIZED BEAR'S chair, and it was so soft she could not stay in it.

But she sat in the Tiny Little Bear's chair, and broke it all down!

Then she went into the next room, and there she saw three bowls of porridge.

There was a tiny little bowl for the Tiny Little Bear, a middle sized bowl for the MIDDLE SIZED

BEAR, and a great huge bowl for the GREAT HUGE BEAR.

She tasted of the GREAT HUGE BEAR'S porridge. It was so cold she could not drink it.

She tasted of the MIDDLE SIZED BEAR'S porridge. It was so cold she could not drink it.

She tasted of the Tiny Little Bear's porridge, and it was so good she drank it all.

Then she went up stairs into the chambers.

There was a large room for the GREAT HUGE BEAR, a middle sized room for the MIDDLE SIZED BEAR, and a tiny little room for the Tiny Little Bear.

Golden Locks lay down on the GREAT HUGE BEAR'S bed, but it was so hard she could not lie on it.

Then she lay on the MIDDLE SIZED BEAR'S bed, but it was so soft she was afraid to lie on it.

But when she lay down on the Tiny Little Bear's bed, she fell fast asleep.

After a while the bears came home.

"Who has been sitting in my chair?" growled the GREAT HUGE BEAR in a very rough voice.

"Who has been sitting in my chair?" shouted the MIDDLE SIZED BEAR in a rather loud voice.

And the Tiny Little Bear cried, "Who has been sitting in my chair, and broken it all down?"

Then the bears went into the next room.

The GREAT HUGE BEAR growled in a very rough voice, "Somebody has been tasting of my porridge!"

Then the MIDDLE SIZED BEAR shouted in a rather loud voice, "Somebody has been tasting of my porridge!"

But the Tiny Little Bear cried, "Somebody has been tasting of my porridge, and has drunk it all up!"

Then the bears went up stairs.

The GREAT HUGE BEAR looked into his room, and growled in a very rough voice, "Somebody has been lying on my bed!"

The MIDDLE SIZED BEAR looked into her room, and shouted in her rather loud voice, "Somebody has been lying on my bed!"

But the Tiny Little Bear cried, "Somebody has been lying on my bed, and there she goes!"

For little Golden Locks had been awakened by the very rough voice of the GREAT HUGE BEAR. She was so frightened that she jumped through the window.

Happily she was not hurt. When Tiny Little Bear saw her she was running toward home, her golden hair flying in the wind.

WORD STUDY FOR PAGES 73–79.

Use these words in sentences.

brook	tiny	rough
daisies	happened	afraid
willows	porridge	growled
starry-eyed	huge	rather
golden	bowls	happily

THE HARE AND THE HOUND.

A hare was chased by a hound, but ran so fast that the hound could not catch him.

"Ho, ho!" said the dog's master, "the little fellow runs faster than you do."

"Yes," said the hound; "I only ran for my dinner, but he ran for his life."

THE CRANE AND THE CROWS.

A farmer sowed his field in the spring, but the crows came to pick up the seed. Then the farmer spread some nets in order to catch them.

One morning he found a number of crows entangled in the net. With them was a crane who had broken his leg in the tangled cords.

"Oh, pray, Mr. Farmer," cried the crane, "do not kill me! See, my leg is broken. Besides, I am a crane. Everybody knows me to be a good bird. See, I do not look like a crow."

But the farmer laughed and said, "You may be a fine fellow, but you are traveling with the crows, and you must die with them. I have always been told that birds of a feather flock together."

THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

Once upon a time a country mouse asked a town mouse to make her a visit.

Now the country mouse lived in a broad plowed field, and made her dinner on the wheat stalks and the roots which she found in the hedges.

The town mouse thought this was very hard fare.

"Why do you live here in the field," she asked, "and work so hard to get your scanty dinner? In my town house I have all that heart could wish. Come with me, and I will show you what a mouse should eat."

Then she smacked her lips, and the hungry country mouse felt hungrier than ever, and gladly promised to visit her friend in town.

So they set out together, and soon came to the house where the town mouse lived.

Then did the country mouse have a feast! Never before had she tasted such dainties as the town mouse set before her, — bread, barley, peas, figs, honey, raisins, and, best of all, a fine piece of cheese.

The country mouse could hardly believe her eyes. She ate with great delight.

"You spoke truly," she said to the town mouse; "my fare is poor indeed beside yours."

But just then the cook opened the door of the pantry, and away they ran as fast as they could, and hardly escaped a blow which the cook aimed at them with a broom. So it happened day after day.

Although the pantry shelves were filled with the finest food, they were frightened away whenever they tried to get their dinner.

At last the country mouse almost died of hunger. She said to the town mouse, —

"I thank you for your kindness, but I must leave you to enjoy your feast yourself.

"My fare in the furrows may be poor and hard, but there, at least, I can dwell in safety."

FOR STUDY.

Write the ten hardest words.
Write the words in sentences.
What do you know about a mouse?
Where do mice live?
How do they get into the pantry?
What do you know about their teeth?
What do you know about their feet?
What do mice like to eat?
What harm do mice do in the house?
Did you ever see a cat catch a mouse?
Tell about it.
Ask your teacher to read to you the "Story of the Pied Piper."

LADY MOON.

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All that love me."

"Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?"

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me:
You are too bold.
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

LORD HOUGHTON.

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

The wind and the sun had a quarrel. Each said he was stronger than the other.

At last they agreed to try their strength upon a man who walked in the road.

"If I can make him take off his cloak first, then I am the stronger," said the wind; "and if you succeed first, then you are the stronger."

So the wind blew harder and harder. It tugged at the cloak, but the man drew it closer about him, bent his head to the blast, and went on his way.

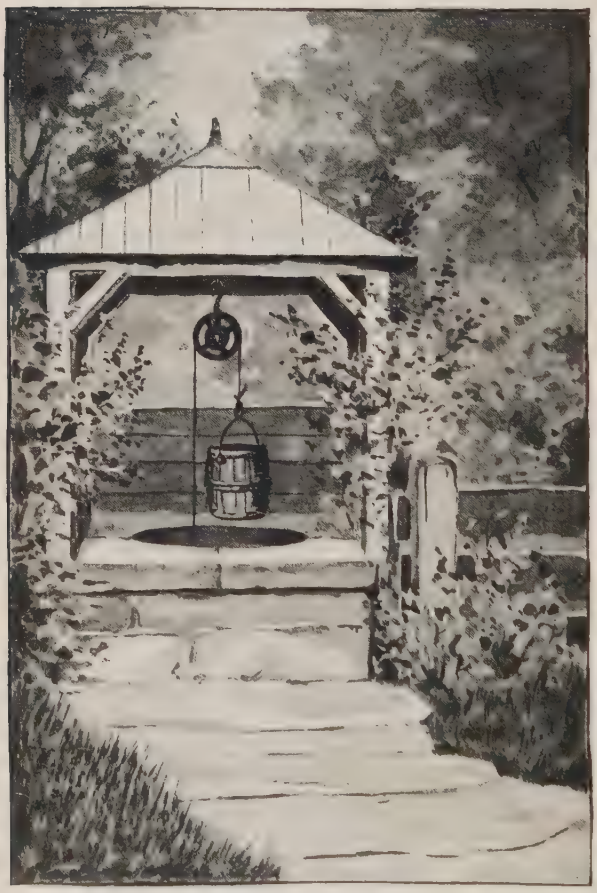
Then it was the sun's turn to try. He sent his warm rays down upon the man's back and shoulders.

Soon the man unfastened his cloak; then threw it back. Still the warm rays beat upon him.

At last he took off his cloak and walked on, carrying it upon his arm.

quarrel	strength	close	shoulders
blast	succeed	closer	carry
agreed	tugged	fastened	unfastened

THE TWO BUCKETS.



Our fathers, when they wanted to drink, went to the brook, where the clear, cool water ran over the stones.

If there was no brook near their homes, they dug deep holes in the ground, and lined them with large stones.

Soon this deep hole would be nearly full of fresh, cold water. Then they made buckets with which to draw the water up where they could reach it.

How good it was, in the hot summer days, to drink the clear, cold, sparkling water from the well!

Can you see the well house in the picture, and the wheel over which the rope passes?

A bucket is fastened to each end of the rope. When one bucket is pulled down, down, down, it dips, and is filled with the fresh water.

Then we pull hard at the rope, which passes over the wheel or pulley.

This pulls up the bucket, dripping and brimming with water. The other bucket goes down as the first bucket comes up. Would you like to draw water at a well?

Here is a story about two buckets. As they passed each other in the well, one bucket said to the other, "Oh, dear! No matter how full I am when I come up, I always go back empty."

But the other bucket laughed and replied, "I was just thinking that no matter how empty I am when I go down, I always come back full."

This story makes me think of some boys and girls.

Can you tell me why?

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Nanny has a hopeful way,—
Bright and sunny Nanny!
When I cracked the cup to-day,
She said, in her hopeful way,
"It's only cracked; don't fret, I pray."
Sunny, cheery Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,
So good, and sweet, and canny;
When I broke a cup to-day,
She said, in her hopeful way,
"Well, 't was cracked, I'm glad to say."
Kindly, merry Nanny!

Nanny has a hopeful way,—
Quite right, little Nanny;
Cups will crack and break alway,
Fretting does n't mend nor pay;
Do the best you can, I say,
Busy, loving Nanny!

ALGERNON TASSIN.

Permission of "St. Nicholas."

For Study.

Use the following words in sentences : —

1	2	3
crane	country	delight
crows	wheat stalks	escaped
farmer	hedges	aimed
tangled	hard fare	kindness
flock	feast	furrows
in order to	dainties	safety

4	5	6
roving	quarrel	bucket
loving	agreed	water
rolling	succeed	empty
wishing	blast	dripping
never	rays	brimming
forever	tugged	thinking

Write words which rhyme with the following : —

way	child	look
fret	bold	flock
mend	weep	fly
best	sad	spring

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty!
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!

My native country! thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song.
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong.

THIRD STANZA OF "AMERICA."

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

Once upon a time there lived a good old man who had four sons. These sons had not learned to be good; they often quarreled with one another.

This made their father's heart ache.

One day he called them to him. In his hand he held a bundle of sticks.

"Here, my boys," he said, "try to break this bundle of sticks for me."

Each one tried with all his might, but the sticks were too stout for him.

Then the father untied the bundle, gave each one a stick, and asked him to break it; this he could easily do.

"See, my sons," the old man said, "the stick is easily broken when it is alone, but the bundle you could not harm. In union is strength."

THE WATER DROPS.

Some little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for a carriage,
They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
They rode along at ease.

But oh! they were so many,
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them,
And carried them all home.

SELECTED.

THE CHILDREN OF THE CLOUDS.

The Clouds have four children; we know them well. Rain is the oldest child.

Sometimes he is naughty and rude. He fills the rivers so full that they run over their banks, and tear up the fields.

He beats against the windows and clatters on the roof.

Sometimes he is mild and gentle. Then he gives water to the thirsty flowers, and cools the dusty streets.

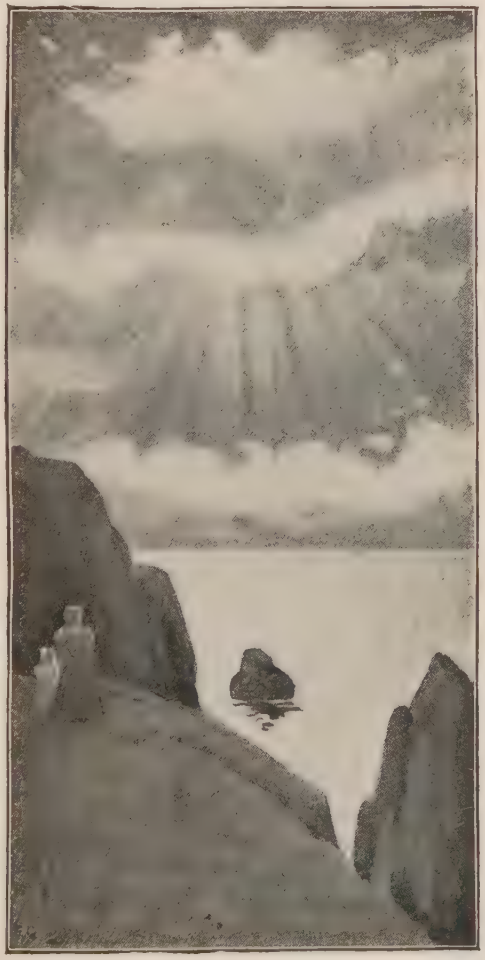
Snow is Rain's sister. She spreads a soft, warm blanket over the bare, brown woods and fields, and keeps the little seeds warm all winter.

She loves boys and girls; they like to play with her.

Hail is Rain's brother. He is a spoiled child. He comes with a whirl of wind, and breaks windows for fun.

Dew is the baby, the darling. He sprinkles diamonds on the flowers and grass every night.

In winter he becomes mischievous; he pinches our fingers and toes and paints pictures on our window panes. Then we call him Frost.

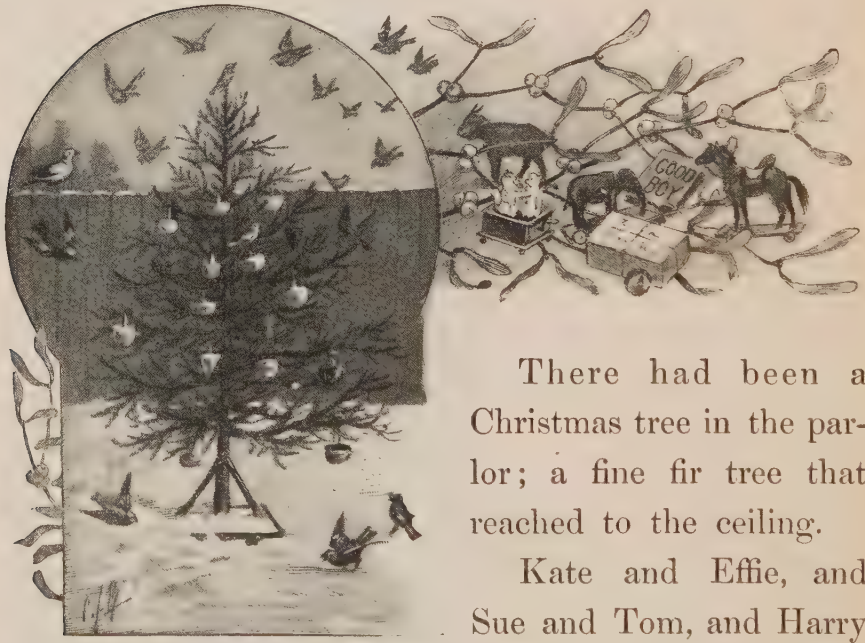


Rain, Snow, Hail, and Dew are the children of the Clouds. Their grandfather is Old Ocean. They often go to visit him, traveling many ways.

They run through dark and hidden channels in the ground, or lose themselves with their mates in the mighty rivers.

When they have stayed long enough with their grandfather Ocean, they ride merrily home upon a sunbeam.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE.



There had been a Christmas tree in the parlor; a fine fir tree that reached to the ceiling.

Kate and Effie, and Sue and Tom, and Harry and Don, had a happy time Christmas Day, for the tree was laden with gifts for them all.

Skates, and sleds, and balls, and books for the boys; dolls, and books, and sleds, and skates for the girls,—that wonderful tree had borne on its branches.

Now all the beautiful gifts had been taken from

the tree, and John had come to carry it into the woodshed.

"What will you do with it, John?" the children asked.

"I shall cut it into firewood," answered John.

"Oh, don't!" cried the children. "Our beautiful tree! Let us have it a little longer!"

"What can you do with it?" asked John.

"We will put it in the yard and make a Christmas tree for the birds," replied the children.

So John carried the fir tree into the yard. There it stood in the white snow, spreading out its beautiful green branches.

"Now," cried Effie, "let us make some baskets to hold seeds and crumbs. Then we will tie them to the tree for the birds. I know John will give us some corn and oats from the barn."

The children worked busily for many an hour, making the little baskets for the birds.

They tied the baskets to the branches of the fir tree. Then they filled them with crumbs and corn and oats.

I wish you could have seen the birds!

The sparrows came in flocks. The doves flew down for their share. Even the saucy blue jay forgot to be saucy.

When he had eaten his fill he flew away, crying, "Thanks, thanks!"

The children did not forget their birds. Every morning that winter they filled the baskets or tied bread crusts to the branches of the Christmas tree.

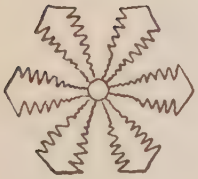
It would be hard to tell which were happier, the birds or the children. I believe the tree was the happiest of all.

A SNOW SONG.

There's a wonderful weaver
  High up in the air,
And he weaves a white mantle
  For cold earth to wear.
With the wind for his shuttle,
  The cloud for his loom,
How he weaves, how he weaves,
  In the light, in the gloom!

Oh, with finest of lace
He decks bush and tree!
On the broad, flinty meadows
A cover lays he;
Then a quaint cap he places
On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
To a grim, silent ghost.

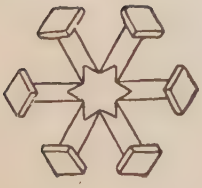
But this wonderful weaver
Grows weary at last,
And the shuttle lies idle
That once flew so fast.
Then the sun peeps abroad
On the work he has done,
And cries, "I'll unravel it all,
Just for fun!"

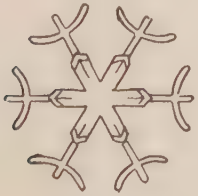


SELECTED.

FOR STUDY.

Draw the Snowflakes.





THE MERCHANT AND HIS DONKEY.

Once upon a time, a merchant was traveling toward the town with his donkey, upon whose back were two heavy bags of salt.

As they crossed a stream on their way to town, the donkey stumbled and fell into the water.

Before he could get up the salt dissolved, and when he rose to his feet his load was light.

The merchant turned back again and bought a new load.

Again they came to the stream.

This time the donkey stumbled on purpose, and again rose with a light load.

But the merchant knew that his donkey was playing him a trick.

He went again to the city and bought a load of sponges, which he tied upon the donkey's back.

Again they reached the stream, and again the cunning donkey fell into the water.

The sponges rapidly filled with water. When the donkey arose to his feet, he found the weight of his load was doubled.

He had tried to cheat his master, but he had cheated himself.

Put some salt into a glass of water. Stir it. What happens to the salt?

Put some sugar into a glass of water. Stir it. What happens to the sugar?

Put some sand into a glass of water. Stir it. What happens to the sand?

Put some sawdust into a glass of water. Stir it. What happens to it?

Does sand dissolve in water? Does sugar?

Does salt? Does sawdust?

Soak a dry sponge in water. Take it out. Lift it. What has happened?

Write what you have learned.

STONY BROOK.

If you are a little boy or girl about seven or eight years old, you well may wish that you could live at Stony Brook.

Why? Because the children who live at Stony Brook have the happiest times in the world.

I know, because I lived there when I was a little boy.

That was a long time ago. I was eight years old then. I went to school in the little red schoolhouse near the pine woods.

Ben Bright went, too, and Polly Clark.

The pine trees grew close beside the schoolhouse windows.

When the windows were open we could hear the birds singing in the trees.

Down behind the school yard was a brown brook. We played there at noon and at recess. We waded in the brook and tried to catch the fish that swam in the clear water.

Sometimes, when we were very good, our teacher let us study under the trees.

Polly played that she was teacher, and heard us read.

Then we spelled all the hard words we knew.

When our lessons were done, Ben and I made whistles from the willow stems, and Polly made wreaths out of the oak leaves.

After school we went down to the meadow for violets. Such sweet violets grew in that meadow!

In the spring we found mayflowers in the pine woods. In the fall we gathered nuts. In the winter we made snow forts and coasted on the hill behind the schoolhouse.

All the year round we were as happy as birds, Ben and Polly and I.

Any child would be happy if he lived in Stony Brook.

played	violets	happy
spelled	mayflowers	happiest
gathered	whistles	meadow
coasted	willow	wreaths
heard	windows	recess
lived	teacher	sometimes
tried	study	winter

A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There, to trace the homeward bee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG,
The Ettrick Shepherd.

Flowers in Rain.

Is it raining, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee;
'Twill shine again.
The clouds are very dark,
'Tis true;
But right behind them
Shines the blue.

SELECTED.

THE SHEEP.

The sheep is one of our best friends. She gives us her wool to keep us warm. The farmer keeps his sheep in the pasture in summer. They eat the green grass and drink water from the brook.

Sometimes he carries salt to the pasture, and spreads it upon a rock.

How the sheep run to get it! I think they like salt as well as you like sugar.

They run from all parts of the field as soon as they see the pan of salt.

In the winter the wool of the sheep grows thick and long, to keep them warm.

When the warm days of spring come, the farmer says "I must shear my sheep, and sell their wool."

But the sheep are not white and clean now. Their wool is stained and soiled.

So the farmer and his men take the sheep to the brook, and wash them well.

The sheep do not like to be washed. They try to

run away, but the men hold them fast. When the wool is clean and dry, it is cut off and sent to market.

Do you remember the song in Mother Goose?

"Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, sir, I have three bags full.
One for my master, one for my dame,
And one for the little boy who lives in the lane."

Do you know what is done with the wool? It is spun into yarn, and woven into cloth.

Long years ago every woman knew how to spin wool into yarn, and how to weave it into cloth.

So the little boys and girls who lived on the farm wore jackets and stockings made from the wool of their own sheep.

Now, the spinning and weaving are done in great mills, where many people work together.

Some day you may see them.

Perhaps you can tell something you wear which is made of wool. Remember that the sheep helped to give it to you.

P. Girar...

RETURN FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

"Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant field I lie."

ANN TAYLOR.

STUDY.

Mary's dress is made of wool.

Nellie's ribbons are made of silk.

Kate's dress is made of cotton.

Alice's apron is made of linen.

The sheep gave the wool for Mary's dress.

The silkworm spun the silk for Nellie's ribbons.

The cotton of which Kate's dress is made grew in the cotton field.

The linen for Alice's apron was made of flax.

Animals and plants help to clothe us. Do you know anything else which they do for us?

Name something made of wool.

What have you seen that is made of linen?

What have you seen that is made of cotton?

What have you seen that is made of silk?

Ask your teacher to tell you about the cotton plant and the flax flower.

I sho

So he bo

and said, "Kin

eat to make your voice

"I drink the evening

grasshopper.

The foolish donkey tried to

same food, and died of hunger.

Foolish fellow! he was not born to sing.

chirp	bow	grass	sing	beauty
chirping	bowed	grasshopper	singer	beautiful

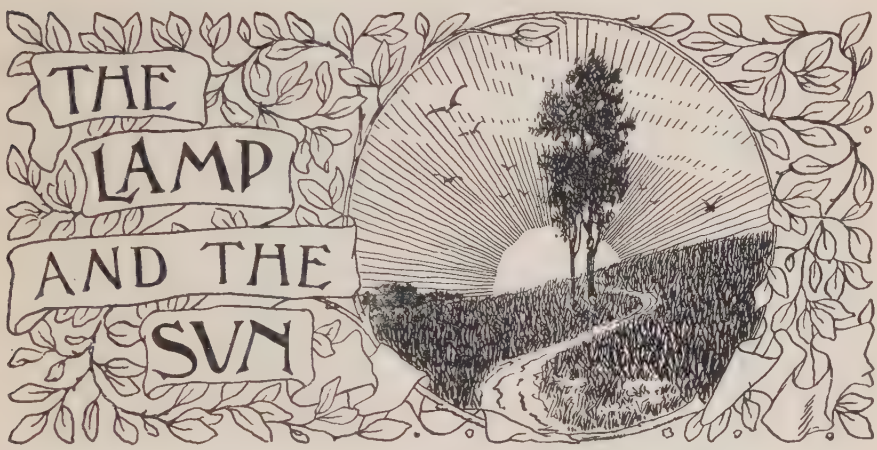
is old
ly three.
orning, little
until she gets

nma and says, "When
does?" Sometimes there
wn eyes.

ay the tears, and tells little
by she will be six years old, like
nd strong enough to go to school.

w," says mamma, "I need you to help me.
ould play with Baby if you were away? See,
wants you now!"

Baby Anna sits on the floor playing with her blocks. Little Louise forgets her tears, and plays with her little sister.



Once upon a time a lamp stood in a window and looked out at the sun, which was setting.

"You are a pretty little fellow," he said to the sun, "but my light is much finer and brighter than yours."

"Puff!" said the wind, and out went the light.

The mistress of the house kindled the flame again, and the wind whispered, "Perhaps you will now hold your peace. The sun and the stars do not need to be kindled as you do."

THE BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Here is a blacksmith shop. See the smith! How strong he is! See the good old horse! He has lost a shoe, and has come to the blacksmith for another. The smith will make one for him. He will blow the fire with the bellows, to make the flame hotter.

Then he will heat the iron in his forge, and beat the red hot shoe into shape with his heavy sledge.

Then the sparks will fly! The children love to watch the good smith at his work. They wish they were as strong as he is.

"Good smith, why are your arms so strong?" they say. "We cannot lift your heavy sledge."

But I think they know.

For want of a nail the shoe was lost,
For want of a shoe the horse was lost,
For want of a horse the rider was lost,
For want of a rider the battle was lost,
And all for the want of a horseshoe nail.

J. F. Herring.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;

They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close:
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!

Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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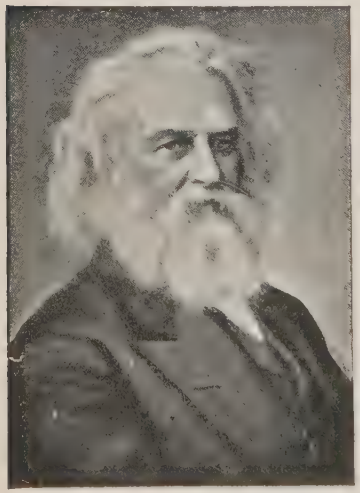
A LETTER FROM AUNT KATE.

PORTLAND, MAINE, May 28, 1897.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS, — I know you have liked to read and to recite "The Village Blacksmith." You will be glad, I am sure, to have this fine picture of Mr. Longfellow, who wrote the poem for you.



I am writing this letter in the beautiful city of Portland, by the sea. Here, in 1807, the poet was born, and here he played as a boy.

He climbed the trees and watched the birds in Deering's Woods. He saw the white-sailed ships in the harbor. He watched the sunset from the hills that overlook Casco Bay.

His brother tells us that Henry was always a good boy, whom everybody loved; "rosy-cheeked, sunny, affectionate, — the light of the house."

The Longfellow children were eight in number. They studied together in the evening around the sitting-room table. When their lessons were done they played games. Here is a letter which little Henry wrote to his father, who was in Boston. The date will tell you how old the boy was at the time.

PORTLAND, Jan., 1814.

DEAR PAPA, — Ann wants a Bible like little Betsey's. Will you please buy her one if you can find any in Boston?

I have been to school all the week, and got only seven marks. I shall have a billet on Monday.

I wish you to buy me a drum. H. W. L.

Your teacher will tell you about Longfellow's school days, — how he went to Bowdoin College, and afterward became a professor in Harvard College, in Cambridge.

Then he went to live in Cambridge, — a city of beautiful elms and pleasant homes.

Longfellow lived in a house in which Washington had lived for a time. On the next page there is a picture of the house.

Here he wrote "The Village Blacksmith" and many other poems which children love. Day after day, Mr. Longfellow had watched the blacksmith at his work. The poem shows us that the poet rejoiced in brave and honest toil. He makes us honor the sturdy smith.

The school children of Cambridge gave to Mr. Longfellow a chair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut tree."

He wrote a poem for them, thanking them for their gift. I hope you will soon be able to read it.

Mr. Longfellow loved children. His poems tell us that. Have you read "The Children's Hour," which tells us about his own little children? Ask your teacher to read it to you.

All children mourned when their loved poet died. He still lives in their hearts, and speaks to them through his poems.

I hope you will go with me to Cambridge to see the Longfellow house. When you can read "The Children's Hour" I will take you. Your loving AUNT KATE.

Rosa Bonheur.

THE LION AT HOME.

What does this picture tell you about lions?

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

The home of the fierce lion is in the heart of the deep woods.

There the king of beasts lay asleep one day. The birds sang over his head, and the little mice played on the ground near his bed.

They became so free in their sport that one ran under the huge paw of the lion himself.

He awoke with a start, and the poor little mouse was held fast beneath his heavy foot.

"Oh, pray let me go, great Lion!" she cried. "Do not crush me with your heavy foot! I was only in play. I have never hurt you. If you will let me go I will always be your friend."

The lion laughed aloud. A strange friend would a little mouse be for him! But he said, "Very well. Do not forget," and lifted his heavy paw.

Away sped the little mouse, glad to be free.

A long time after, as the lion roamed through the woods, he became entangled in a hunter's net. He struggled to make himself free, but the harder he tried the tighter grew the cords about him.

He knew that the hunter would soon come, and that his life would be lost; for he lay there as helpless as the tiniest creature in the forest.

Just then he heard a voice in his ear. "Kind Lion, can I help you now?" It was the little mouse who had promised to be his friend.

"How can you help me?" he groaned. "You are so small."

But the mouse said, "Wait and see." And he set his sharp teeth to work upon the cords of the net, busily and patiently.

He worked until the cords were broken. The lion stretched his great limbs and stood on his feet, glad to be free.

THE MICE IN COUNCIL.

The mice were in great danger. They had no peace, because the sharp eyes of the cat were always watching for them, and her sharp claws were always ready to tear them in pieces.

So they called a meeting to see if they might plan some way to rid themselves of the cat.

One thought of one thing, and another of another.

At last a little mouse said, "Oh, I know! I know! Let us tie a bell on the cat's neck, and then we shall always know when she is about."

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" they all cried. "That will be a fine thing. When the bell rings we can run away, and she will never be able to catch us."

All were very happy over the new plan until an old mouse in the corner asked, "Who will tie the bell on the cat's neck?"

Can you finish the story?

STUDY.

Use the italicized words in other sentences.

A *council* is a meeting.
The young mice made fine *plans*.
They wished to *rid themselves* of the cat.
The *king of beasts roamed* through the woods.
He became *entangled* in the hunter's *net*.
He was as *helpless* as a child.
The little mouse was his *friend*.

But after a while mamma misses her voice. "Louise!" she calls, "where are you?" Nobody answers. "Louise!" she calls again. "Louise! where are you, child?"

"Here I am, mamma!" answers Louise.

There she stands in the garden. She has both arms stretched up to one of the low branches of the blossoming cherry tree.

"I am trying to grow tall, mamma," says the little girl, "so that to-morrow I may be tall enough to go to school."

The oak tree boughs once touched the grass;
But every year they grew
A little farther from the ground,
And nearer to the blue.

So live that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little farther from the earth,
And nearer to the sky.

FLEUR-DE-LIS.

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